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The January number of the Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art contains two articles of great interest to students of the Classics, both written by "G.M.A.R." (Miss Richter)¹. The first article, entitled simply *Bronze Statue of a Boy* (10. 3-5), will attract the greater attention. Two photographs, giving full length views of the statue, front and back, accompany the article. On the front page of the number is another photograph, showing the head and the shoulders. The statue is the one concerning which Dr. Edward Robinson, Director of the Museum, spoke briefly at the recent meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America; those who were fortunate enough to hear him and see the slides he exhibited will remember the extraordinary beauty of the statue.

Miss Richter begins by reminding us that up to the present only about forty bronze statues of the classical period have come down to us; of the forty, eleven were found at Herculaneum. The most famous are the *Delphi Charioteer*, the *Athlete in Athens*, the 'Praying' *Boy in Berlin*, the *Marcus Aurelius*, and the *Wolf in Rome*. Hitherto the Metropolitan Museum has had three bronze statues: the *Morgan Eros*, the portrait statue of *Trebonius Gallus*, and the *Camillus*.

We are now fortunate enough to have acquired another, which from its high quality and beautiful preservation will rank with the finest in existence. It is indeed one of the most important acquisitions ever made by the Classical Department, and will considerably raise the standard of our whole collection.

The statue represents a boy standing in a graceful, easy pose, his head slightly turned to the left, and his weight resting on the left leg [total height, 4 ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in. (1.232 m.); approximate height allowing for feet, which are missing, 4 ft. 4 $\frac{1}{8}$ in. (1.324 m.)]. He wears a himation or Greek mantle, which covers the lower part of his figure. The sculptor's fine artistic sense is shown both in the conception of the whole and in many delicate touches. The pose, with the little tilt of the head and the slight curve of the figure, is wonderfully graceful; and the boyish face has a sensitiveness and charm rarely equalled in ancient sculpture. Very effective also is the contrast presented by the nude torso and the varied folds of the drapery. The execution is excellent. The nude portions of the body, especially the back and shoulders, are beautifully modeled, with fine appreciation of the delicate forms of a young boy. Moreover, the drapery is rendered with unusual skill; it is rich and varied, and still essentially simple in its lines, and the feeling for the figure beneath it is successfully conveyed.

¹The Bulletin (twelve numbers) costs \$1.00 per year; single numbers, ten cents.

It is noteworthy that on the himation in front are indicated a number of stripes, both horizontal and crossing each other. Each stripe consists of two parallel lines about half an inch apart. Identical stripes occur on the draperies of sculptures of the fourth century and later periods, notably on those of the *Pergamene altar*. They have generally been interpreted as creases formed by the folding of the garment; but this explanation is not satisfactory, as such creases would hardly be represented by double lines, and would not occur in the irregular way in which we find them on some of the statues. It is a more plausible theory that the artist meant to represent a garment with a striped pattern. . .

The period to which the statue belongs is determined by the type of the boy's head, which has the characteristic traits of the *Julio-Claudian* family. He has the broad forehead, the flat skull, the protruding ears, and the general type of features continually found in members of that family. But though the general likeness is very strong, it is impossible, in the absence of further evidence, to identify it with any one member of that house. There are points of resemblance with several portraits of that time, but a positive identification is rendered more difficult by the fact that our statue represents a boy about twelve years old, while the identified busts and the coins of the period are all of full-grown men. We must therefore be content with calling this statue an imperial prince of the *Julio-Claudian* house.

Though of Roman date, the statue is thoroughly Greek in feeling, and must have been executed by a Greek strongly imbued with the idealizing tendencies of earlier Greek sculpture. Its date cannot be later than the end of the first century before the Christian era, before the somewhat dry elegance of the "Augustan" style became fully established. The close connection of the statue with the Greek rather than Roman sculpture is shown not only by the whole conception and the style, but by the fact that the boy wears the Greek himation instead of the Roman toga, which was the garment worn by Roman boys of good family of that period.

For our right appreciation of this statue we must bear in mind that the bronze was not originally covered with the beautiful blue-green patina it has since acquired, but was of the rich golden tone of the metal. At least, all the evidence at our command shows that the Greeks and Romans used no artificial patina, but even took pains to keep their bronzes bright and unaffected by the atmosphere. Consequently when the eyes were inserted, as they had been in our statue, the ivory used for the whites did not form the violent contrast it would today, but blended harmoniously with the rest of the face.

The other article, entitled *Greek Prehistoric Art*, deals particularly with some sixteen original pieces, illustrating Greek Prehistoric Art, gained by exchange from the University Museum, Philadelphia. These

pieces consist of twelve terra cotta vases and four objects in stone, ranging from the early Minoan Period to the Early Iron Age. Four illustrations accompany the article. Besides these sixteen original pieces a number of reproductions illustrating this period has been added to the Museum.

C. K.

AB URBE DOMUM

I was in a hurry, and the books are always helter-skelter on my five-foot shelf, but by good fortune no two are bound alike; so I quickly found what I wanted. A busy week in the city had distracted me to such an extent that nothing short of meadow-peace and a book-blessing would soothe my nerves and bring me back to stable equilibrium. Stone walls do make a prisor, Lovelace to the contrary; and, if my garments had not become striped, at least the soul of me was bruised. But I know the open sesame to a renewed serenity. So I passed down the shelf, beyond Montaigne and Augustine and Shakespeare and Alice in Wonderland, and paused before the sons of ancient Rome. Here first stood Catullus. It is hard to get by Catullus. Before I knew it I had slipped him out, blown the dust off him with the ease of long practice, and he fell open at the pitiful *Iam, iam dolet quod egi*. Well, of course that settled him. I was looking for peace, not a passionate outburst. Martial stood next, gray and modest apparently as a nun. He leaned forward with a leer, and I pushed him back. "You make me tired!", I said, thus expressing a momentary feeling and vindicating Athenagoras in a breath. Juvenal hung back and I gave him an unfriendly push that sent him completely out of sight until next sweeping day. As clever a man as you, Juvenal, should have found a path somewhere leading peace-ward! I moved along past Ovid and Terence, and fussy little Pliny, and austere Lucretius, most of whose pages are unthumbed, and so on until there were but two left. *The* two. Each has had a new binding, which is as upsetting as when one's bosom friend blossoms out in a pink spring dress after the long-accustomed blue one. Horace is thick and brown, and the notes at his back are anything but reticent. "Not you, old chap", I said familiarly—I had excellent freshman reasons for my familiarity—"I'll have a round with you when the frosts come and the logs are lit". And then I closed my fingers on the slim, scholarly binding of the Master, and drew him gently from the shelf. With all my gentleness, I dislodged Cicero On Old Age, who fell clattering to the floor. Old age, forsooth! I kicked him under the bookcase.

Out into the full sunshine I went, blinking at the royal largess of the sun. Annie had taken the baby-carriage down off the porch, and had packed the lunch-basket in on top of the baby's toes. Billy is a model baby, and while he is now my *impedimenta* (his accessories demand a plural), perchance the day will come

when I shall be his. I lifted the lid of the basket to lay the Master within, but the contents were knobby; so I slid him behind Billy's little back instead. Here I was supplied for the afternoon with five of the eight accessories of life: bread, literature and a child were in my very hands; music stirred faintly and hummed drowsily in every hedge and thicket; beauty would leap upon my sight as soon as I turned the weeping willow yonder. And love and work? Well, I'd had enough of both to warrant an afternoon without them. And, finally, laughter I must forego, since Vergil has no sense of humor.

Beyond the willow, earth slipped softly away, dipping down through gnarled, fruit-bearing boughs into a valley shimmering in the genial heat. Water, hidden somewhere in the depths below, broke in soft lappings upon my ear. Beyond, the level farms and fields spread themselves in the sun, and on the horizon the earth upheaped itself into serene hills. Hills! One suspects that the Creator originally made the landscape flat, and that when man complained 'I am weary', He repented, and lifted up upon the sky those softly-curving breasts of Demeter. Along the crest of the orchard we passed, through tangled patches of weeds where mob law ruled, yet where—miracle of the countryside—peace prevailed. We paused at last where a huge pine tree stood with outstretched arms in a perpetual green benediction (a gracious word and gracious deed!) and took root along with the tree. Billy slept peacefully, his small nose lifted heavenward, his mouth half open, as though to display at all hours his one resplendent tooth. High noon and September between them held the earth; and in the haze-dimmed atmosphere dwelt the sense of a sudden shock of silence after the summer's vital whirl. Across the cricket's plaint sharp caesuras cut soundless blurs from time to time. The air was mute as with invisible prayer. Only the orchard floor, a tangle of green and gold, was faintly musical with infinitesimal pipings, sharp elfin echoes as it were of a larger melody.

I slipped Vergil from under Billy's back and held him balanced lightly on my knee. Everything should be done in proper order, and first, of course, must come the old mediaeval rite which should reveal the keynote of the hour. Slowly I let the book fall open as it would. The leaves fluttered uncertainly. *Ore favele omnes!* warned Vergil in priestlike tones, bidding really for that profound silence which lies deeper than the lips and borders close upon reverence. Ah, in the babbling Babel of city ways, though a thousand should be silent, there are ten thousand to break in with the unpropitious word, and reverence is bruised with the mere noise of living. But here and now a shiver of expectancy leaps to life along the ruffled grass and dies away; the pine trembles and is quiet; the hills lift inscrutable, still brows; life stands an instant at holy pause—and then the Master speaks. *Quis Deus incertum est; habitat Deus!* Whether Jupiter or Jehovah or Osiris, we cannot know, but *Numen*